

1918-1919

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Annual Report  
and  
TRANSACTION NO. 18  
of  
THE  
WOMEN'S  
CANADIAN  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY  

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OF TORONTO

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Organized November 19th, 1895  
Incorporated February 14th, 1896





# ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

## Women's Canadian Historical Society OF TORONTO

### 1918-1919

Organized November, 1895; Incorporated Feb. 15th, 1896.

#### OFFICERS

Honorary President .....	MRS. LIONEL CLARKE.
Past Presidents .....	MRS. FORSYTH GRANT.
	MRS. S. A. CURZON.*
	LADY EDGAR.*
	MISS FITZGIBBON.*
President .....	MISS MICKLE, 48 Heath St. E.
Vice Presidents .....	MRS. JAMES BAIN.
	MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.
Recording Secretary .....	MRS W. T. HALLAM, Wycliffe Coll.
Corresponding Secretary .....	MRS SEYMOUR CORLEY, 46 Dun- vegan Road.
Treasurer .....	MRS. DUCKWORTH, 234 Crawford Street.
Convenor Soldiers' Comforts Com.	MRS. HORACE EATON, 141 Lynd- hurst Ave.

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MRS. RALPH L. BRYDGES.	MRS. GORDON MACKENZIE.
MRS. W. HODGSON ELLIS.	MRS. JOHN MORGAN.
MRS. HILLS.	MRS. NEELANDS.

\* Deceased.

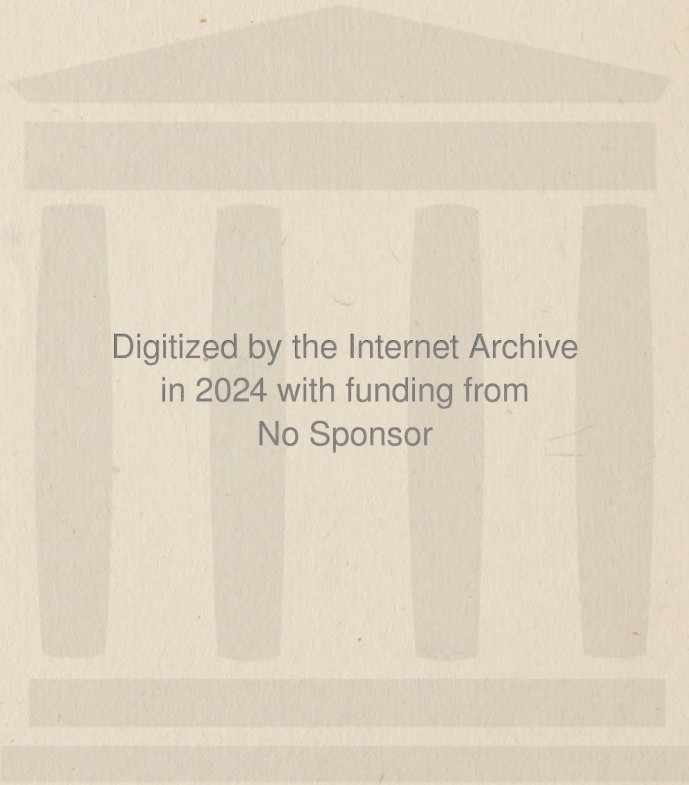
#### SOLDIERS' COMFORTS COMMITTEE

	MRS. HORACE EATON, Convenor.
MRS. JAMES BAIN.	LADY STUPART.
MRS. DUCKWORTH.	MRS. TRENT.
MRS. BODDY.	MISS HORSEY.
MRS. MUSSON.	MISS ROBERTS.

#### HONORARY MEMBERS

SIR G. R. PARKIN.	DR. LOCKE.
COL. G. T. DENISON.	THE VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.
MISS CARNOCHAN.	J. A. MACDONELL.
JAMES HANNAY.	W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L.
SIR GILBERT PARKER.	BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.
CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C.	REV. JOHN McLEAN, PH.D.
MISS MACHAR.	EDWARD M. THOMSON, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L.
BLISS CARMAN.	C. G. D. ROBERTS.
JOHN D. KELLY.	MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON.
PROF. PELHAM EDGAR.	PROF. H. T. F. DUCKWORTH.
PROF. G. M. WRONG.	
MISS K. M. LIZARS.	
REV. PROF. BRYCE.	





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## President's Address

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A year ago we rejoiced in the cessation of war, and the series of victories which secured this. Then all seemed fair—now we are not so sure. The attitude of our late enemies must cause anxiety, for though the various reports from Germany may be confusing, her actions are not. Scapa Flow, her unwillingness to return her plunder and stolen machinery to our Allies, are ominous for the future.

Nor does it seem likely that the multiplication of republics must issue in peace. In theory they are peaceful; but according to American histories the war of 1812 was caused by Madison's desire for a second term of office, the Venezuela Incident is fresh in our memories; and if in a majority of the first-class powers, their ablest and most ambitious men are to struggle for the great prize of Presidency every few years, I do not see how it can make for the peace of the world.

In Canada the first year of peace has been disappointing to all. The problems that beset us seem to be intensified; life in someways has become more difficult.

The easy, foolish optimism that prophesied a new world, a better era, as the outcome of the war in which so many of our best and bravest perished—is partly to blame for this; and we have not learned the lessons war should have taught us. The craving for material, well-being, for ease and self-indulgence—all ignoble ideals seem to hold as before. Also the voices of dissension and disloyalty that were perforce silent during the war, are again being raised; sometimes it seems that all our sacrifices may have been in vain.

All this is not to discourage—but to show that as a patriotic society there is much for us to do, and need for each of us to make our influence felt. Love of country is our watchword, and love of Empire, and we must express this in deeds as well as words. Our aim must be to build up—not to pull down. I suppose there never was a country of which it was so true as of Canada, that its prophets have no honour in it—and our prophets leave us!



This must be changed. Good work, if done by a Canadian, should meet with just and warm appreciation. Just now there is urgent need to buy only, or as far as possible, Canadian and British goods. There is need, too, to uphold Canadian ideals, lest the foreigner to whom we have given a vote should snatch the heritage we hold with careless hands from us.

As a result of the Referendum the forces of Prohibition have triumphed; but this does not necessarily mean a complete triumph for temperance, which is a far finer thing than enforced abstinence. Sometimes one feels that our children are being virtually trained to over-indulgence; the foundation of many a career of intemperance has been laid in the unrestrained use of harmless things indulged in until it amounted to a weakening of the child's moral fibre. Then, too, the use of drugs has increased and so many deaths are caused by the poisonous substitutes of the boot-legger, that the moderate man is justified in doubting whether we have yet reached the best possible solution of this difficult question.

The visit of the Prince of Wales has been made happy and memorable by his rare personality, wonderful tact and simplicity of spirit. None who saw him could fail to be touched by his courtesy, his modesty—nor could one but mark his quiet resolution in the fulfilment of duty—many of the functions must have been irksome to one of his ardent temperament, but to each he gave with painstaking care part of himself and made it memorable. Let us hope that the love and affection he aroused, the thrill of pride in our great Empire he seemed to represent will never die down. The bright buoyant youth, who touched all hearts, has a hard task before him—a task only to be lightened or fulfilled by the loyal co-operation of all his subjects. In the coming years of his kingship may it be ever his!

In our own Society we should try to increase the knowledge of history and our pride in it. The need for true patriotism is great; also I think that we should earnestly pursue our work for soldiers—those broken men who gave up health and strength which brighten life, for our sake and in humanity's cause.

## Secretary's Report

During the past year the historical and literary papers and readings have been of a very high order.

At our annual meeting in November Miss Josephine MacCallum gave an account of the opening of "The Temple of Peace" at Sharon, by the York Pioneers, in September.

December—"Heligoland," by Prof. H. T. F. Duckworth, of Trinity College. Reprinted as part of Transaction 17.

January—"Land Grants in Upper Canada," by Prof. A. H. Young, of Trinity College.

February—"Fort Garry in the Seventies," by the late W. J. Morris; read by Miss Mickle.

March—"Canadian Poets," with selections, by Prof. Pelham Edgar.

April—"Slave Days in Canada," by Mrs. W. T. Hallam. This was later printed by the *Canadian Churchman*, and issued through Mrs. Hallam's kindness, as an occasional paper by the W. C. H. S., the first, we hope, of a series.

October—"David Willson and the Temple of Peace at Sharon," by Prof. J. Squair, of Toronto University. Patriotic selections read by Mrs. Frank Halbus were much enjoyed at this meeting.

At the end of May about fifty-four members visited the "Temple of Peace" at Sharon, and we hope this may be the first of a series of historical expeditions. Places of interest on Yonge Street were pointed out by the President who had prepared some "Notes by the Way." A halt was made at Thornhill to see the quaint, historic church over which we were shown by the Rector, and to visit the grave of Colonel Moodie, of Richmond Hill, who was killed near Montgomery's Tavern in 1837 while on the way to Toronto to warn the authorities of the rebellion. At the Temple—a unique and interesting structure—a short address on David Willson was given by Prof. Squair.

The Society has begun a book for the collection of historical pictures, and already we have some valuable



photographs. Another book is kept for collecting war post cards.

During the year we have lost the following: Mrs. Galbraith, a valued member who helped in our Red Cross work; Mrs. Stratford, a foundation member, who, though latterly unable to attend, to the last generously supported our patriotic work; Miss E. K. Sibbald, who contributed a paper, "Notes on Georgina Township," to Transaction 16; Miss B. McLean Howard and Mrs. Primrose, interested members for many years, and Miss A. Sanderson, who was very active in our patriotic work. All will be missed, and to their loved ones we tender deepest sympathy in their loss.

Nor can we forget one whom we have been proud to claim as a member, that devoted Red Cross worker, Mrs. Stearns-Hicks, who, in very truth, laid down her life for the cause. Many press notices and a memorial service at St. Paul's Church attested the widespread appreciation of her unselfish service, and grief for her loss; and for us it is pleasant to remember that she never forgot the Society. Though far too busy to attend, once she left her onerous duties to address us; and several gifts to help on the work, showed that her interest remained with us. She died leaving a noble example, on February 24th, 1919.

We welcome the following new members: Mrs. Walter Evans, Miss E. F. Currie, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Bligh, Mrs. Neill Sinclair, Mrs. Neelands, Miss M. Armour, Mrs. F. S. Jamieson, Mrs. Leadbetter, Mrs. John Garvin, Mrs. Thornloe, Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Helen Perkins, Mrs. A. F. Moore, Mrs. Van der Smissen.

The new honorary members are: Prof. G. M. Wrong and Prof. H. T. F. Duckworth.

Exchanges:—Ottawa Historical Society, Landmark Association, Ontario Historical Society, Waterloo Historical Society, Essex Historical Society, True stories of the North-west Mounted Police by Hon. W. R. Riddell, York Pioneer Association, Smithsonian Institute, Library of Congress, Washington, Washington Quarterly, Seattle, Minnesota Historical Society.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

LUELLA CORLEY, *Cor. Secretary.*



## Report of the Red Cross Committee

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Although the Armistice was in force when the annual meeting was held, it was decided that the committee which had done such good work during the war should continue its efforts by devoting its energies to the returned soldiers in hospital in Ontario. In all 1,412 articles have been sent to the Soldiers' Comforts Headquarters. In December a Christmas shower was held at which gifts of games, books, house-slippers, caps, etc., furnished presents for 185 tubercular soldiers at the Mountain Sanatorium at Hamilton. Gifts of money were sent to the Dover patrol, \$25.00; to Serbian Relief, \$8.00 (per cheque from Treasurer, \$5.00, per convenor, \$3.00), and to the Indian Famine Fund, \$12.00.

In November a bridge and tea dance was held in the rooms of the Woman's Art Association, at which nearly two hundred dollars were realized. This, with the small sums made each month by afternoon tea, will be devoted to Braille books for blind soldiers, to gifts for tubercular soldiers, and to repaying the small debt still owing The Queen Victoria Memorial Fund.

At the December meeting a Life Membership in the Red Cross Society was presented to your convenor, "as a slight acknowledgment of zeal and perseverance shown in furthering the work of the committee."

The personal work of visiting the soldiers in hospital has been most efficiently done by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis who has taken fruit, cake, fresh eggs, much of which was supplied to her by the Clarkson, Lorne Park Branch of the Women's Institutes, also books and magazines in large numbers, to the ward allotted to us by the Red Cross Society.

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH R. EATON.

## Treasurer's Report

### GENERAL ACCOUNT.

#### RECEIPTS.

Balance in Bank, Nov., 1918 .....	\$101.46
Fees .....	54.00
Receipts of Sharon Ex. ....	85.25
Ontario Government Grant .....	100.00
Bank Interest .....	1.20
Total .....	<u>\$341.91</u>

#### EXPENDITURE.

Sherbourne Club Fees .....	\$15.00
Local Council Fees .....	2.00
Printing .....	124.15
Advertising .....	3.96
Postage .....	5.00
Sharon Ex. ....	51.00
Flowers .....	12.00
Refreshments .....	10.50
Total .....	<u>\$223.61</u>

Balance Nov., 1919 ..... \$118.30

### THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL FUND.

#### RECEIPTS.

Cash in Bank, Nov., 1918 .....	\$433.72
Int. of Canada Permanent Debenture .....	250.00
Interest on War Loans .....	52.50
Bank Interest .....	5.74
Sale of Trans .....	90
Total .....	<u>\$742.86</u>

#### EXPENDITURE.

Final Payment 1918 War Loan .....	\$452.40
First Paymen 1919 War Loan .....	30.00
Total .....	<u>\$482.40</u>
Balance .....	<u>\$260.46</u>



### SECURITIES.

Canada Permanent .....	\$5,000.00
1917 War Loan .....	500.00
1918 War Loan .....	500.00
1919 War Loan .....	300.00
	<hr/>
	\$6,300.00

Total cash and securities .....	\$6,560.46
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### RED CROSS ACCOUNT.

Balance in Bank, Nov., 1918 .....	\$51.84
Donations .....	98.75
Teas and Sales .....	237.07
Bank Interest .....	5.80
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Total .....	\$403.46

### EXPENDITURE.

Donations .....	\$42.00
Red Cross Supplies .....	55.52
Red Cross Life Membership .....	25.00
Rent of W. A. As. ....	25.00
Music .....	8.00
Tea Supplies and Service .....	18.85
Printing and Advertising .....	12.25
Postage .....	.60
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	187.22
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Balance Nov., 1919 .....	216.24

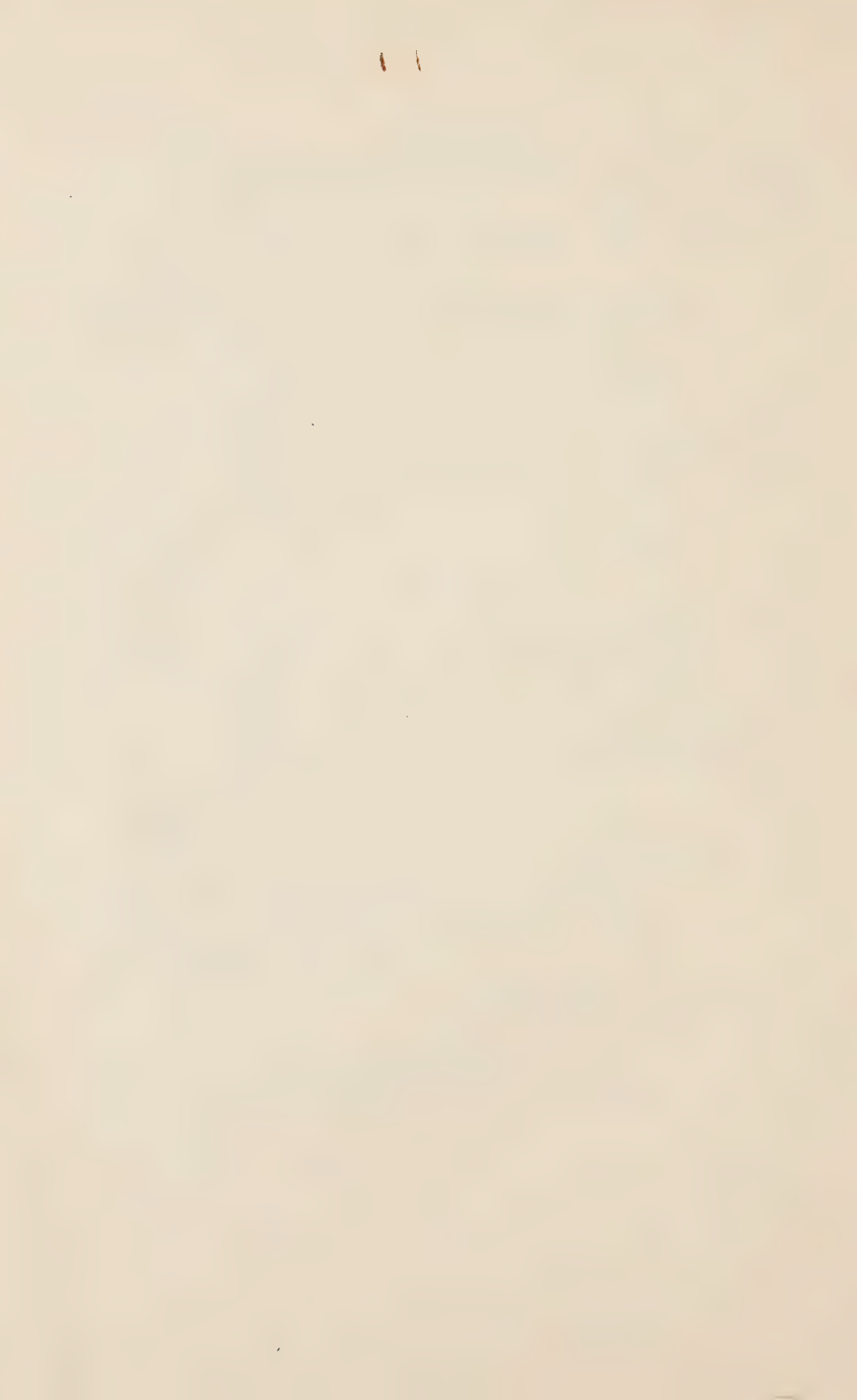
HOPE H. DUCKWORTH,

*Honorary Treasurer.*

Audited and found correct,

SYDNEY JONES, *Bursar,*

Trinity College.







"DEEDS SPEAK"

Women's Canadian Historical Society  
OF TORONTO

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TRANSACTION NO. 18

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CONTENTS

Fort Garry in the Seventies  
by the late William J. Morris

The Boulton Letters  
Letters of the Rev. William Boulton, Master of U. C. C.,  
to His Wife, 1833-34

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1918-1919





## PREFATORY NOTE

This paper casts some light on a formative and crucial period in the history of the West and of Canada. To understand conditions we must go back some years. Canada had passed through the Fenian disturbances (from 1866-71) and became a Dominion in 1867. When the H. B. C. charter expired in 1869 Canada gained 2,300,000 square miles—a mixed population of 10,000 and had to administer it hundreds of miles away; her total revenue being about twenty and three-quarter millions.

In the new province was great unrest caused partly by Indian troubles to the south that had extended over years. In 1862 there was a Sioux war, with attendant massacres in Minn., Iowa and Dakota, and many of the bands and chiefs took refuge across the line. In 1866 the Indians refused to concede a wagon road to Montana, and the massacre of Fetterman's party began a war which lasted 12 years. In 1872 there was trouble with the Modoc Indians in Oregon; and in 1876 occurred the war with Sitting Bull, the Custer massacre and flight of the Sioux into Canada.

These were troubles from without; nor were internal difficulties lacking. The Indians were disturbed at the change from H. B. Company to Canadian rule; England they trusted, H. B. C. they knew—Canada far away was an unknown quantity. The Provisional Government had perplexed, and the Riel Rebellion affected them. American traders poured into the land freighted with fire-water and impoverished the tribes. Settlers coming in and squatting on their hunting grounds and surveying parties often aggressive, passing through worked upon their fears. Uneasy they were and turbulence threatened. To govern and protect them and gain their friendship was most necessary, the more so as the country must fulfil its pledge and build the C. P. R.

One of the first steps in governing was: In 1871 liquor was prohibited to the Indians; in the same year telegraphic communication was opened—the dreaded "speaking wire" of the Indian, and in 1873 Governor Morris arrived, his great task being to gain the confidence of the Indians and to influence them to give up their title to the land. This he did by treaties, one of the most important of which was the famous North-west Angle Treaty.

## Old Fort Garry in the Seventies.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM JOHN MORRIS.

Many years ago, the writer then living in Eastern Ontario, decided to pay a visit to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) where a near relation was Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Manitoba. The only route at that time was through the United States, by way of Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul. It was late in the year, the early part of December when I started, and, of course, the whole land was in the grip of frost; but I was surprised after we had crossed the Mississippi into Minnesota, to see what a slight depth of snow was on the ground. It was Saturday afternoon when we reached St. Paul, that fast-growing city, which is beautifully situated on the high banks of the Mississippi. So putting up at the Merchants' Hotel, I waited till Monday for the one daily train that would take me on to Moorhead, on the Red River, which point was to see the beginning of my long stage drive of about four hundred miles to Fort Garry.

Sunday opened fine and clear, so I took a walk of a few miles across the prairie to Minneapolis, seeing the great flour mills built at the falls of St. Anthony, the beginning of the gigantic mills and elevators which now almost shut the grand falls out of sight. My walk in the sharp keen air was much preferable to the coarse conversation in the Hotel, carried on by a lot of Western men, of a stamp I had never before met, for this was but shortly after the suppression of the Sioux uprising and the terrible massacre of the whites in Minnesota, and the whole conversation of these gentry consisted in blood-curdling yarns and boasts of how many redskins each individual had himself "wiped out." It was easy enough to see that most of this talk was nothing but windy boasting, at the same time it was not pleasant to hear.



In the morning I took train on the Northern Pacific and for many a weary mile travelled a most desolate region, which seemed to be entirely composed of shallow lakes, and dark tamarac and cedar swamps, with a wretched-looking shack at rare intervals; though one of them amused me not a little, as on a board was painted up the name "Rush City," the city in question consisting of a couple of small shacks and cow stables, with a small wayside passenger station. At last, towards evening, we reached Moorehead, situated on the right, or Minnesota side of the Red River, which I now saw for the first time. Its high banks on each side are clothed thickly with red willows which has given the river its name, for in all its very tortuous course it is the same, the red willows cover all the banks, and higher up and extending back a short distance is a pretty thick growth of ash, maple and scrub oak.

At Moorehead, I got a fairly comfortable meal and a small bedroom, to which I was only too glad to retire to get rid of the ribald language and loud boasting of the Westerners. In addition it seemed to me that the greater portion of those present, and there could not have been less than twenty or thirty, were professional gamblers, "three-card-monte" men, and I confess to having been glad to avoid their company, as if one were to believe their statements, they would just as soon as not use pistol or knife if offended, and I fear this was to a great extent true. At all events, I slipped off to bed, and was called in good time in the morning to a hasty breakfast, and told the stage was at the door. It was a ramshackle affair, on a pair of bob sleighs, with some straw laid on the floor, and an old nearly worn-out buffalo skin for the only robe. For companion I found an American soldier, a decent fellow, returning to his company at Pembina, he having been left behind to collect material they had left in the chase of "Sitting Bull," the great Sioux Chief and his band. The other occupant from his dress I at first took to be a "half-breed"; he wore moccasins, leather hunting shirt, and a fox skin wound round his head by way of a cap. What surprised me, however, was the excellent English he spoke, and after a time I found he had a thorough knowledge of the Classics. I noticed that our driver carried a heavy pair of Colt revolvers, and beside

him was seated a guard similarly armed, who had also a repeating rifle. These I was told were for use in case of meeting any wandering Indians, which surprised me, as when I could see out between the flapping of the canvas sides of the stage, nothing was visible but the white boundless prairie, without sign of life, and every now and then the dark outline of the river-bank with its willows and trees. However, I soon began to feel my feet on which I foolishly wore boots instead of moccasins, getting cold, when my companions kindly made me get in the middle, and we lay full length on the straw, with the old buffalo hide spread over us. Thus we went on day and night, but after a few miles crossed the Red River on the ice, scrambled up the bank and found ourselves on the high plains of Dacotah. Here there appeared to be still less snow, and every short space we could see the rich black soil, the blackest I had ever seen, where the wind had swept away the snow; this was the genuine wheat-producer, whence millions of bushels have come. Now and then we came to a half-breed's shack, where horses were exchanged, and sometimes we were told to go in and get our dinner or supper. These I shirked as much as possible after my first meal which consisted of "Pemmican" not of the best, and plentifully besprinkled with hair, besides smelling very strong; so that a very little went a long way.

As we journeyed onward I found my educated companion was inclined to be talkative. He informed me he was called "Farmer Brown," which I afterwards found was well known over a great part of the North-west, as designating one of the most unprincipled, cold-blooded rascals, who was more than suspected of having taken human life; but this seemed to be less thought of than his clever swindle at "three card monte." All this I did not learn till afterwards, but in the meantime he informed me he had taken his degree at Oxford, been educated for the army and had gone to Mexico with Maximilian as aide-de-camp, and on the downfall of that empire had drifted all along the Pacific coast, away up through Behring Sea. He also told me of many adventures which may or may not have been true. He boasted of how many Greasers, as he called the Mexicans, and Indians he had "wiped out"; winding up with a cold-blooded



story of one occasion when, with some companions, he wished to try a new rifle, and took sight at long range on the head of a poor squaw who was getting water from a creek, killing her instantly, and then he and his party having to fly for their lives from the enraged Indians. All this style of talk made one feel very uncomfortable, especially as the soldier every now and then gave me a quiet nudge with his elbow, warning me to be on my guard when "Farmer Brown" began to question me as to my business at Fort Garry. "Did I know many there?" "Who were they?" as he was well acquainted round there. I informed him I had never been to Fort Garry, and that I had never before seen a prairie; I took very good care to not to tell him I expected to stay at Government House.

Finding me rather reticent, and on the plea of trying to get warm, he then produced a bottle of Hennesey's brandy, of which I was glad to take a small sup to start the circulation, but on his again and again urging it on me, and each time getting a warning nudge from the soldier, I tried to sham sleep, but without avail. The attempts to find out who I was and what my business, went on till I was tired, and so was he; when he would return to his blood-curdling stories. Finally, writing on a scrap of paper a lot of names, he told me these were persons he knew at Fort Garry, who would probably be of use to me. I of course thanked him, and pulling out my watch to see how the time passed, happened to catch his eye fixed upon it in a way I did not like. He said nothing, however, but in a short time called to the driver to stop, as this was his shortest way home. I was astonished, for looking out, nothing was to be seen but the flat white prairie as far as the eye could reach; and he explained that he had only twelve miles to walk to his winter home, which he had established pro tem. at a point on Red Lake River where a railway was just about being completed.

As soon as he was gone the soldier told me what little was known about the fellow—a thoroughbred scoundrel who could not return to Minnesota as there were warrants out against him for homicide, and lesser crimes. He warned me I had better find out carefully who the parties were whose addresses he had given me, for they might be as bad as himself.

Another day, or a night and part of a day passed, and we reached Pembina, a large square white-walled fort, garrisoned by American troops, situated on the banks of the Red River. Here I was sorry to part with my soldier companion, and after an hour's stop, dinner and change of horses, a look around, we once more started on the final sixty miles which ended at Fort Garry.

Crossing in a few miles the International Boundary Line at the village of Emerson, late that night in the cold, clear midnight I was deposited at the gate of Fort Garry. The fort I found was a large enclosure of stone wall, perhaps twenty feet high, and inside the gate two brass field pieces faced it. Further back was Government House, a large two storey building of solid oak logs, clapboarded and painted white. This was the residence of the Lieut.-Governor, and not very long before had been the headquarters of the rebel chief Louis Riel. Behind the main building were a number of smaller buildings, used now as servants' quarters, which had been in former times store-houses, etc., for the H. B. Company, whose chief factor had resided here. At last, arrived and welcomed, after a good night's rest and comfortable breakfast, I went out with the Governor to have a look over the surroundings. Going out of the gate of Fort Garry, which I am told is now the only portion of the old Fort left standing, I found there was a great stretch of open prairie before the first building, the Hudson Bay Company's store was reached; and then, with many gaps, the stores and houses, including the Legislative Halls which were solidly built of oak logs, made up the then village on both sides of the main street, which seemed to be about 150 feet in width, with one other street less built on, reaching out to the west over the prairie; while quite a number of cottage residences had been erected on the bank of the Assiniboine, which falls into the Red River, immediately to the south of the old fort. I was much interested in my stroll over this then new prairie village, destined in a few years to be the great city of Winnipeg with a population of nearly 100,000 and growing by leaps and bounds. I was much amused by the Provincial Treasurer, to whom I was introduced, telling me, that for want of a better place, he kept the funds of the Province in a valise, under his bed!



I also began to realize for the first time the extent of our then newly acquired possessions in the North-west on meeting an old friend, who informed me he was next day starting with a dozen or so Red River carts, on a trading expedition to Edmonton, and would be glad to meet me on his return. I asked, "How long will you be away?" "Well," he said, "it is a good long step, but I hope to be back by the middle of June." "June," I exclaimed! "Why, how far is it?" "Almost nine hundred miles" was the reply. Remember, that at that time no railways traversed the land, and the only means of transport was either by dog-train in winter, or the famous Red River ox-cart in summer.

I hardly know how to describe this vehicle, in no part of which was there a particle of iron, all wood, with great high wheels, the tires of which were made of raw-hide put on wet, and then shrunken as they dried, and as no grease was ever applied to the axle, the screams and groans of this last were easily heard a couple of miles away. Each cart was drawn by one ox harnessed like a horse, with Flemish harness.

Another object of interest during the start was a number of dog teams, some of them harnessed to heavily loaded toboggans, and a few attached to handsomely finished carioles with sides of parchment, while all the dog harness was ornamented with numerous small bells, and bright colored bead work in Indian half-breed fashion, while the drivers were all costumed in hunting shirts of moccasin leather, heavily fringed around the neck and along the arms, and often beautifully embroidered in the front, with either moose hair, or porcupine quills, while they too also wore finely worked leggings and moccasins, but their garters to hold up their leggings seemed to have exhausted the taste and designs of the squaws in the elaborate ornamentation and vivid colors with which they were adorned. It all formed a scene not easily to be forgotten.

Returning to Government House, after a pleasant lunch, I again sauntered out with the Private Secretary, and telling him of my stage companion, Farmer Brown, he laughed heartily, and told me I had got off well, as he was noted as the biggest rascal in the West. I then showed the list of names the fellow had given me, to be

told that "he did not think there was a gambling house or place of ill-repute omitted," and there were plenty of them even at that time.

A few days amid these novel surroundings, then I was told that the Government had notice of a lot of whiskey smugglers crossing the Lake of the Woods from Minnesota to the North-west Angle, and also that it was important to try and prevent the Indians coming in contact with the Icelanders, settled near Lake Winnipeg, as smallpox was very prevalent. I was asked if I would act as leader of a small party to suppress the one and warn the Indians of the danger of infection. The offer I accepted, being desirous of seeing as much as possible of the country, and also having some knowledge of the Ojibway language.

We at once began our preparations and were to start the following day, but suddenly a furious blizzard, the only one I ever saw, sprang up, raising the fine dry snow in dense clouds, and in places heaping up great drifts; while in other parts the ground was swept bare. This storm caused a change in the plans, as all trails were obliterated, and I was detained three days; then, with a good stout team of four hauling dogs and a large toboggan, loaded with our supplies and accompanied by two constables, a start was made, and crossing the ice of Red River to St. Boniface we struck out to the prairies, hoping to reach Brokenhead River about fifteen miles distant, where we knew there was a Government shanty, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft alee," and as there was no trail, we were soon lost. I had to camp without supper or shelter, first taking care to see the dogs had their food. Then spreading our blankets and robes on the snow, each man made himself as comfortable as he could, and lay down to sleep.

In the early morning, having no fuel to make a fire, the dogs were once more put in harness, and we pushed on, till at length we saw in the distance a line of trees marking the eastern limits of the prairie, on reaching which we were able to boil our kettle of tea, fry our bacon, and then push on once more; now through a wooded country. One more night we camped on the snow, but with the advantage of plenty of fuel. Sleep was, however, difficult, as several times during the night

a white Toygany Wolf, that had been attracted by the smell of our cooking, came prowling round, only to be chased away by the dogs.

Late next afternoon we reached Whitemouth River, where I proposed to stop for a few days. This was a Government shanty occupied by a Norwegian named Nord, and his family, who had the privilege of accommodating the few passers-by, allowing them the privilege of spreading their blankets on the floor beside the cook stove.

We made ourselves as much at home as possible, had supper and lay down to sleep, but a curious thing happened which deprived me of much-needed rest. Hardly had I lain down when some creature ran across my forehead, and back again, several time a minute, with all the regularity of the swing of a pendulum. This went on all night, and in the morning we found the explanation. I had hung up my moccasins to dry and now found both of them full of wheat, and so was the ash pan of the stove. It turned out that Nord had laid in a little wheat for seed, and this had been discovered by a pair of tiny white-footed mice of the north, and they had been hard at work all night storing this away for future use; and as my head happened to lie in their line of travel this was the cause of my discomforture.

Next day Nord took us out to show his mode of catching fish, of which he had a large supply, chiefly small pike, to sell for dog food. His plan was a very ingenious sort of weir, made with evergreen branches in the old Norwegian style.

Days passed by, and Christmas arrived, Nord preparing a small Christmas tree for his children, hanging on it a few small paper bags each holding two or three raisins and some small toys, supplies specially obtained in Fort Garry. Towards evening he gave each of the youngsters his share, and then gravely handed each of my party *three* raisins, accompanied with good wishes, at least we suppose so, as he spoke in Norwegian. Just then one of the men remembered he had some peppermints and bulls-eyes in his dunnage, and these to their great delight were given to the children. Supper, tea and pemmican, was then in order, and we had barely finished when the distant musical sound of dog bells announced a new arrival.



Arrived at White Birch River, about fifteen miles further on, we found the shanty occupied by two young fellows from Ontario, trading with the Indians and doing fairly well. They made us welcome and gave us a good dinner of caribou, which was a welcome change from pemmican. Here we remained three days in order to rest our dogs, which were footsore, and required to be provided with "boots," as the crust on the snow had cut their feet. Time being up we made a fresh start, this time for the noted North-west Angle, distant about twenty miles; passing still through a region of dark evergreen woods, and at length reached our destination, and saw only one or two Indian wigwams, and the H. B. Company's trading post; nor must I omit an iron post, prominent on the path with the word Canada on one side, and the letters U. S. on the other, and below the words "Treaty of 1818," all cast in the metal; while on the American side stood a rather large tent, which was the temporary home of the whiskey traders.

Having reached our temporary goal, we enquired for an empty building belonging to the H. B. Company which we were to use for our lodgings, only to find it had been burnt down a few days before. There was nothing for it but to choose a suitable place on our side of the line, where we could keep an eye on the doings of the tent-dwellers. This was soon found, sheltered from the wind by a cedar clump, as we had no tent, and collecting a lot of branches soon had our blankets spread, and a good fire going, while our tea was preparing, bacon frying and the dogs being fed, when we were visited by the H. B. agent and several Indians, one of whom was conspicuous in his scarlet treaty coat, decorated with lots of big plated buttons, and whom I was told was Powassan, the head chief of the Lake of the Woods Indians, and who was shortly to become a warm friend of mine. Having enquired who I was, and what had brought us there, we explained our mission and warned him that if the Indians had any dealings with the whiskey dealers, who were anxious to barter their goods at the rate of one dollar (a martin skin) in fur, the H. B. Company would not allow them "to take debt" as they termed getting advances before going off to the hunt. I also explained the danger of coming in contact with smallpox, or "Ka Moc-

casin" as they called it, and Powassan promised to impress it on his people.

By this time quite a number of Indians had assembled, and it was decided to have a business smoke, when the whole matter could be discussed. Therefore I produced some good tobacco, and Powassan his red stone pipe and medicine stem, for Powassan was not only a chief, but a Medicine Man. The pipe being filled and a live coal placed on the tobacco, he put it to his lips and gave one whiff to the East, West, North and South, and then handed it to me to repeat the performance, when it went round to the others; after which ceremony, that was looked upon as most important, we went over the whole matter, the Indians agreeing to do as they were told, and finally leaving us to a much-needed rest.

A couple of days passed during which I called on the tent-dwellers, and warned them of their risk if found on our side of the boundary post. They were very civil and asked me to taste their liquor. This I did, though it never entered my mouth, as it burnt the skin off my lips. Asking what sort of stuff it was, they explained that in starting out they had fifty half-gallon kegs, one-half of which were filled with ordinary whiskey, and to save weight the others empty, till they arrived where we found them; then they partially filled with lake water and a proportion of the whiskey from the full kegs, which also got their addition of water; but in order to bring the stuff up to proper strength, some tobacco was boiled down and the liquor added, as well as a couple of pounds of blue vitriol, which you can fancy made a delectable drink.

Finding after a short time that they could do no business with the Indians, the tent was taken down and its owners quietly departed for less guarded regions. As we had no means of tracing these fellows, who had gone off in the night, my most active constable was sent with the dogs on a trip among the many islands that fill the northern end of the lake. It is likely he fell in with them, though we never knew, as while his trip should have taken some three days, five elapsed, when I heard the missing man was at an Indian encampment about a mile off acting strangely.

Sending for him he soon appeared, and on my asking

what was the matter, he suddenly drew the large hunting-knife he carried and made a lunge at me, but was fortunately knocked down by the other man in time to save me; then he went into a fit foaming at the mouth and convulsed.

What to do we did not know, but thinking the Indians must have some knowledge of medicine, we sent for aid, when Powassan and a couple of other Medicine Men appeared, armed with their rattles and drums, and began the most awful row, accompanied by yells and shrieks to drive out the "Wendigo" or Devil, whom they thought had taken possession of my unfortunate man, who by this time had been securely tied both hands and feet.

It was evident the poor fellow had had a heavy dose of some poison, most probably from the whiskey smugglers. After considerable thought it was decided to send him to jail, the only place available at Fort Garry, but how to do it was the question, as the Indians under the impression that he had a "Wendigo" might kill him. Just at this time I received a special despatch from the Governor asking me to carefully investigate a case reported to him by the H. B. Company of two young men killing their mother, and if it was a case of murder to arrest them and send them in, but to be careful to consult the chief and leading men and make a full report. This happened most opportunely, so sending for the chief and head men a "Medicine Smoke" was held, and it was stated that the old squaw who had been killed had a Wendigo, *i.e.*, periodical fits of insanity. She was a widow with two sons, and when sane asked them next time the Wendigo came to her to kill her, and thus free the tribe from his terrible presence; and she would go to the Spirit Land, where her husband was waiting for her, and would as of old hunt for her, for all knew that the Wendigo would torment her until she died, and then pass on to some one else; but if she was killed while he was in her he would be killed also, and the tribe would be free of him.

Accordingly at her next attack of insanity her two sons, thinking they were doing a kindness, one of them with a gun and the other with an axe killed her, and their action was approved by all the tribe, chiefs, Medicine Men and all, including their own family.

What could be said; this was not a murder, as these



men wished to do what all their people considered right and their duty, but now my sick man came in opportunely, so addressing the assembly, I said, "You know that at the Fort we have a strong house, with iron bars running up and down the windows and across them, and you Medicine Men know as well as I do, that a Wendigo cannot pass through these bars, so we will send our man into the Fort, and they will put him behind the iron bars, and give him plenty to eat and smoke, but will not let him out till the Wendigo dies, as he soon will, when he finds himself shut up in this way." To all this Powassan and his friends, who had never heard such talk before, agreed, and so we arranged to have our sick man carefully lashed in a toboggan hauled by four dogs and accompanied by two Indians, who had strict orders on no account to loosen his hands, but to see he was fed and attended to, even to putting a lighted pipe in his mouth, and to deliver him safely at the "strong house," also to give the letter which I wrote detailing the whole affair, as well as the killing of the old squaw, and asking the Governor to repeat to the Indians what I had told them, and to promise to take charge of any of their "Wendigoes" instead of killing them.

All went as we hoped, and our man was safely lodged in the jail. Nothing, however, would have induced the Indians to enter it, even for an instant, a look at the terrible iron bars was quite enough. After being well fed and receiving ample supplies, the Indians returned bringing me the desired letter; whereupon another "Medicine Smoke" was held, and the two detailed their adventures. They had handed over our man, and had seen him taken in to the "strong house," and seen the iron bars, and the Governor had told them the same as had been done before. Therefore they promised that they would not kill any more Wendigoes, but send them in to be kept out of the way.

Thus happily ended a most difficult and delicate question, and glad to be rid of it, we moved camp some miles further into the wooded country to reach a large number of Indians, who gladly promised to keep away from contact with "Ka-Moccasin," or smallpox, and many of them asked to have "their arms cut" as we had a supply of vaccine points, which, along with castor oil and very large antibilious pills, were all the medical supplies we had brought.

We found life rather monotonous here, but one night as we were lying by the fire, suddenly a young Indian came up, and after producing his pipe and smoking silently as is the custom, enquired for me. Having been pointed out to him, he produced a small piece of tobacco carefully wrapped in birch bark, and spoke so fast that we could not make out what he said. It was evident the message was important, as it was accompanied by tobacco, so getting a half-breed from near by as interpreter, we learned that Powassan was camped about forty miles off and had killed two moose, and knowing we had nothing but rabbit, wished us to move camp and help him to eat his meat. This could not be done, but I sent a messenger back with the Indian, and when he returned he brought about twenty pounds of moose beef and a special "mouffie" for myself. A couple of weeks later I was able to repay Powassan for his kindness in another way, which is worth telling. The Indians near where we were camped took it into their heads to have a great feast, and not being able to get liquor, they procured two pounds of splendid black tea and a similar quantity of lady's twist tobacco, at the Hudson Bay Company's post, and having boiled each of them down till the whole of even the coloring matter was exhausted, the liquors were mixed, and to give the decoction a good flavor some half dozen bottles of Perry Davis Pain Killer were added, and this extraordinary mixture was swallowed with great gusto, the result being such drunkenness or madness as I never saw. The squaws had removed all the guns, knives, etc., and as the Indians never fight with fists, they let off the steam by yells and howls; and this was kept up for a whole day until they were all worn out, and, needless to say, were feeling very miserable.

In this state my friend Powassan came to me stating he was very unwell and wanted medicine. We had nothing but big antibilious pills, and seeing he was a large, strong man, I counted out four to him, which looked in his huge palms like so many buckshot, and explained to him that he was to take two, and if needful in a few hours repeat the dose. Looking them over Powassan evidently thought they were small affairs, and before he could be stopped had swallowed the whole lot to our great horror, for we did not know what the result would be, for he

was such an important person if anything serious happened to him it was hard to say how we would be treated. However, after a couple of hours Powassan appeared, evidently suffering considerable pain, as evidenced by his grunts, when suddenly throwing off his blanket he disappeared among the trees, shortly to return and give me a whack between the shoulders and tell me what a good fellow I was, for the more the dose hurt him the more he thought of the giver of it. This was repeated several times, till at last we were left in peace.

Next day he reappeared with about a dozen of his friends who were feeling very wretched after their spree, and all desirous of getting some of the "great medicine" which had cured Powassan; but this was refused, as we had had enough of doctoring.

A few days elapsed and signs of spring, in the way of soft weather and sleet falls, warned me to be on the move, so with a half-breed guide and a borrowed team, my own dogs being foot sore, a start was made northwards *via* Lac Plat.

Unfortunately, soon after starting a heavy soft sleet storm began, and we took refuge in an Indian wigwam on the shore of the lake. Here in the one small room were assembled fifteen people, old and young, yet we were heartily welcomed, a space being cleared in the crowd where I could lie down packed like another herring in the barrel, and so the night passed.

Having cleared somewhat in the morning a start was again made over the ice of Lac Plat, and we expected to reach an encampment in about ten miles, but the snow got heavier and at last fairly blinding, when all at once a shout from my guide, and before I knew where to go, down I went in an air-hole, up to the shoulders in water, but fortunately with some large boulders under my feet, so that I managed to scramble out. Then my guide said he had lost the way, but we shortly struck a small island with one tree on it, and here we spent the night, wet, cold and hungry, as expecting to find the encampment, we had brought no supplies with us for either the dogs or ourselves.

Next morning turned out bright, and passing on we reached the camp, but only bare poles marked the spot, the Indians having moved elsewhere; so on we pushed



till late in the day we struck the line being surveyed for the C. P. R., and shortly reached the engineer's camp, only again to be disappointed, as there was only one man left in charge, the others having gone to fetch supplies. However, he was able to give us a cup of tea and a couple of soda biscuits, and a good fire to warm and dry my still wet clothes; and then we started again on the long travel of sixty-five miles back to my camp.

The route was partly on the rough ice of the Lake of the Woods, and partly by Indian trails over a very rough country through the woods; and finally we reached camp after midnight completely worn out.

After resting for a couple of days we were surprised by a messenger bearing peremptory orders to return at once to Fort Garry before the snow disappeared, and travel became next to impossible. We therefore started at day-break, and after coming some half dozen miles were obliged to unharness dogs, and hang up the toboggan and snow-shoes on a tree by way of "cacheing" them. The snow was now all sleet, and at night-fall, wet and weary, we camped on a rock in the great "Caribou Muskeg" only fourteen miles from the Angle. Here the growth of grass and reeds was so great that nothing could be seen; but the noise caused by the innumerable flocks of geese, ducks and other water-fowl was deafening.

Again an early start, and carefully picking our steps we plodded on, wet to the skin, sometimes sleeping in shanties, at others camping on the trail, when we could find a fairly dry spot; finally, at the end of six days, reaching St. Boniface, to find the Red River wide open and carrying down great masses of ice, which came in from the flooded Assiniboine. The ferry, which was worked by a rope, was not yet in commission, and after some trouble we succeeded in getting over in a small boat, not without considerable risk. The dogs were left to be brought over next day when the ferry was to start.

Once more in civilization, a few days' rest and the steamers, big stern wheel affairs, began to appear and bump their noses into the bank, for wharves there were none. By this time the snow had all disappeared from the prairie, and wherever the ground rose a few inches the beautiful prairie anemonies opened their blossoms.

One morning, going out for a short walk in the pleasant air, with a fine breeze blowing, I saw a most extraordinary procession. It was an Indian deputation on the way to Government House to interview the Governor on some real or imaginary complaint, or to make some request. First, as they were "Treaty Indians," came a big stalwart fellow carrying a large British flag that taxed his strength to hold in the wind. He was dressed as usual in moccasins, breech cloth leggings and blanket loosely thrown around his body, held at the waist by a belt, but exposing his bare chest and thighs as his blanket blew open. Next came the Chief in similar costume as far as the legs, but in all the glory of a red coat with lots of large buttons, and the treaty medal on his breast; next came of couple of the head men, somewhat similarly arrayed, and then a string of, say, a dozen of the tribe, all in Indian file, like a string of geese on their way to water.

Curiosity prompted me to follow them to the Fort to see how such matters were conducted. Arrived in front of the main entrance the whole party squatted down on the ground till the Governor was informed and the Interpreter sent for, when they were ushered into a large room containing besides a seat for the Governor and a table and couple of chairs, a stove; and in a corner a large wood box, now empty as the weather was warm. Once more the party squatted on the floor, the Governor and attendants entered and seated themselves; and the flag-bearer, who it seems was chief spokesman, took it into his head that the wood box was the proper place for him; so into it he got, with only his black shiny hair and painted face peering above the side. Now, the Chief produced the inevitable pipe and medicine stem, and after the usual formality of puffing the smoke to the four quarters of earth, it was handed to the Governor, who, much against his will (as he was no smoker), had to follow suit, and so it went round. A short pause, then, like a "Jack-in-the-box," the Indian in the wood-box sprang up, throwing off his blanket, and exposing to view his bare brown chest and ribs, and began in a rather musical tone, to make his speech. This was translated sentence by sentence to the authorities, and then some reply being made, after a distribution of tobacco and fat

bacon the party withdrew as they came, evidently well pleased. The flag-bearer seemed prouder than ever as he struggled to hold up his burden while it fluttered in the wind. It was a curious sight, not soon to be forgotten.

Having decided to return to Ontario, instead of the wretched staging I boarded a steamer, by sliding down the bank to the gang-way, thereby ruining a new overcoat, as wharf there was none, and Red River mud is proverbial; and now we had to plod upwards against the strong current of this very tortuous stream, so crooked that at one point the captain told the passengers we could land if we liked and walk across to the next bend, where he would pick us up. This a number did, and enjoyed a ramble of perhaps a mile, when we again came to the river, and had to wait nearly two hours before the boat came along, having travelled a full eight or nine miles to reach the same place. It amused me much to see when they wanted wood, or some signal was made, how they simply bumped the nose of the boat into the bank, and tied her to a tree, there being no hard shore to injure her; and the same at night, we tied up to the most convenient tree, and resumed the journey by daylight.

We next turned into the Red Lake River, which, though narrow, seemed to be deep, for on one occasion a cabin boy dropped a line when we bumped into the bank and at once hauled out a large cat-fish of about twelve pounds in weight. Proceeding on our way we reached Fisher's Landing, a point to which a new branch railway had just been opened, though as yet no station was built. Here the most conspicuous erection was a rather large tent, boarded and sodded up for about three feet, and this the captain told me was the home of the "Notorious Farmer Brown."

Remembering that we had staged it together the previous winter, and having some hours to spare before the train was expected, I thought I would call on my quondam traveller; so entering the tent, which I found was fitted up as a bar-room with my former acquaintance behind the counter, I said, "Well, Farmer Brown, we have met once before." "Yes," he said, "and I know now who you are, and am glad to see you, for I have a crow to pick with you; so let us have a drink. It is your treat."



As he spoke he reached under the counter, as I supposed for a bottle, but instead produced a pistol, which he pointed at me, saying, "Now out with half a dollar," which I hurriedly produced, not feeling at all comfortable; and he, still pointing the pistol, put two glasses and a bottle of whiskey on the counter, ordering me to help myself, while he did likewise.

He then said, "You thought I wanted to steal your watch, but I never was a thief, and if I had wanted to do it I could not, away out on the prairie, and three armed men on the stage with you; and I never killed a man unless he had insulted me; now it's my turn to treat, so out with another half dollar, and be quick."

I was as quick as possible, for I was now thoroughly alarmed, for whether the pistol was loaded or not I did not know, and the prospect was not pleasant. But just then one of his "wives" (for he was reputed to keep a harem) came in to speak to him; and as he turned, I bolted for the steamer, where I remained till the train came in, when I gladly took my seat, thankful to have seen the last of "Farmer Brown"; of whom later I heard that he was serving a life sentence in Minnesota penitentiary for homicide.

My homeward journey furnished no further adventures. Thus ended my winter's trip to the frozen North.

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#### NOTE

W. J. Morris, second son of Hon. Wm. Morris, was born at Perth, Ont. A banker, widely read, he had great knowledge of mineralogy, geology, etc., and explored much of Northern Ontario. In 1866 he raised a unit of militia. A Freemason, he reached the rank of Deputy Grand Master. He died in 1907. The trip was taken in 1876.

## The Boulton Letters

NOTE:—BY A GRAND-DAUGHTER, MRS. MARSH, of *Lindsay*.

These letters were written by the Rev. William Boulton to his wife, and from her to him.

He was the youngest son of Judge Boulton (referred to as “the judge” in the letters)—whose home was York, Upper Canada. His brothers were D’Arcy, of the Grange, Auditor-General of Canada, George, Henry John and James.

He was appointed Junior Classical Master of Upper Canada College at its first beginning, and lived in the old residence on King Street, where his first two children were born.

On his appointment he married, and brought his wife to this country—he had before that been teaching in a school at Cadbury, England, and perhaps had a church there.

His wife was Frances Carew, daughter of Capt. Henry Carew, Royal Navy, of Tiverton, Devonshire, England. Her brothers were John, George and Harry, and her sisters Anne, Harriett, Charlotte and Dorothea.

Their children were Somerville, Carolina (my mother) Charlotte and Henry (twins)—Charlotte died young. After her husband’s death, Mrs. Boulton lived most of her life in Toronto, and died at the age of 86. She was well known to many people as “Aunt Fanny.” Her husband died at the age of 29.

These notes will explain names and allusions in the letters. His brothers and hers, and her sisters are often mentioned.

J. C. Jones to William Boulton,  
Exeter College,

DEAR SIR,—

July 28, 1829.

I have the pleasure of informing you that at the conference of the Electors this morning, you were appointed to the office of Classical Master in the College of Upper Canada.

I have been instructed by the governor to advance one

hundred pounds to each of the masters for the expenses of the voyage, &c., and as much more as they shall find requisite on account of their first year's salary. If you wish for a personal interview with me on this subject, I shall be happy to see you here at any time in the course of next week, requesting the favor of due notice of your coming.

I remain, etc.,

(Signed) J. C. JONES.

The other appointments are as follows:

The Principal—Mr. Harris,\* Clare Hall, Cambridge.

1st Classical Master—D. D. Joseph.

2nd Classical Master—Mr. Matthews, Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

3rd Classical Master—Mr. Boulton, Queen's College, Oxford.

Math. Master—Mr. Dade, Caius Coll., Camb., late of Elizabeth College, Guernsey.

(From Rev. William Boulton to his wife in England. They had been married about 3 years, and she and her 2 children were in England visiting her parents. Her maiden name was Frances Carew.)

York, 8th July, 1833.

MY DEAREST LOVE,—

I am beginning what is a great undertaking for me in sitting down to fill such a large sheet as this, but I have a great deal to tell you, and therefore I hope I shall have leisure to fill it, and when I think that it is for the satisfaction of my dearest Fanny it makes me move my pen with increased spirit and delight. And first I must tell you that the day before yesterday I received your most welcome and anxiously expected letter from Liverpool, dated 23rd May, giving an account of your safe arrival at Mr. Collins, although I could have wished it had been a little longer, yet as it contained all that I was most

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\*Mr. Harris was a brother-in-law of Lord Seaton, having married Miss Yonge, Lady Colborne's sister.



anxious about, I should not say a word, as I have promised myself another from you dated very soon after that, probably by the packet on the 1st of June. You can easily imagine what has been my state of suspense for the last two months about you, but I feel heartily thankful to our common preserver and Benefactor that He has preserved you and our dear children in as great a degree of health as could be expected, though I am sorry to hear that you suffered so much the first week of your passage, but it is like life in general, checkered with good and evil, with favour and disappointment, which, like hill and dale in the landscape, only serve to enhance the beauty of the scenery and make the humble Christian to appreciate more highly the goodness and mercy of Divine Providence. I was also very glad to hear that Charlotte was not worse. I promised in the last letter but one that I wrote that I should write to her, but afterwards, as I had heard nothing of her for so long a time, I thought that I would wait for your letter to say how she was before I performed my promise. Indeed it has troubled me not a little that no tidings have arrived from Tiverton since the letter from Dorothea which you saw just before you left York, so that I do not know even now how the proposal of your visit to your friends has been received. However, I shall now make up for my neglect with all expedition. When you talk of your father and Dorothea meeting you at Manchester the thought of your happy meeting makes me envy you, at least makes me long to be one of the party, but there is no use thinking about it. Your passage I called 23 days, but Mr. Tweedle in a letter to Mr. Foote says that you were only 18 days from land to land, that is, from Sandy Hook to Cape Clear, which must be nearly the quickest which has been performed this season. You did not say whether Caroline has made any progress in walking or talking, but all no doubt will come in due time. Well, so much for the subject of your letter, now for the changes and chances in our little circle (not so very little by the bye). And first I must tell you that Mrs. Muttlebury is to leave me at the end of this quarter, but do not be alarmed at that, for it will be no inconvenience but rather the contrary to me, for Edward O'Neill is going away to Mrs. Nelles' on the Grand River near Brantford. Arthur Wells will also go,

and I rather think Mrs. Meyers, too, so that Pyke and McNab only will remain, and I can manage with them very well through the winter, and I shall of course not take any more until you return. Mrs. M. has been advised (and perhaps rightly) to go up to Blandfield\* where Dr. M. drew 700 acres and forthwith settle herself and make a permanent home for herself and family in case of any thing happening to her, and though she is quite willing to remain if I in the least degree wish it, yet she evidently wishes me to consider it very much *against my* interest to continue our present arrangement and that *she* is the sole *gainer* by it, and it is true enough I do not gain much, and it is very unpleasant to have a constant bustle with such a set of unmannerly boys, besides I find the furniture gets knocked about a great deal, and my time of course greatly interrupted by attending to many things which I could not leave to her. In consequence of this, and my other numerous calls, the garden has been almost entirely neglected and grown up with weeds and rubbish, notwithstanding I gave Riley \$4 or \$5 to put it in order for me early in the season (which no doubt you will abuse me for doing), but I could not see it going to ruin, so upon the whole I do not think you will be uneasy about the conclusion we have come to about parting. When I settled with Mrs. Muttlebury for last quarter I charged her with the wood and spermacetti candles, the remaining barrel of flour having been paid for before, and the balance was between 23 and 24 pounds. The candles were charged at her request, as she had used them for herself, but now that we are to part I must of course take them back if she wishes. I could not find the amount but I thought they were 1s. 10d. a pound, and so charged them. We have been plagued a good deal with servants. The one who came after little William was a thief, but Mrs M. suffered, which I was sorry for. She had been induced to give him \$8 a month, too, and that was the most provoking part of it, because he came with good recommendations. The next boy we took was for \$6, and he will do nothing without strict looking after. He is going as soon as we can get another. Jane became at last

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\*No doubt Blandford, Oxford Co., London District, is meant.  
In Almanac for 1831 it is given as having no population.

quite intolerable with her impertinence, and so she went off and was succeeded by a very respectable looking young woman whom they call Sarah, and I am in hopes she will answer very well. I have partly engaged to get my wood from the man who has supplied Mr. Dade for two years, who says he has found him very honest, giving ample measure, and excellent wood throughout, and in that respect I was very much deceived by Mr. Moore, as a great deal of his was rotten. I am to pay 12/ per cord, but, however, I think it better to pay a little more and get it good. . . . I have not yet told you that I purchased D'Arcy's pony for \$70 and paid for it, but I found it quite impossible to do without it during the summer, having to go up to the Garrison, and on Sunday particularly when I have but little time to spare. But I can at any time get the money I gave for him, and shall probably dispose of him before the winter, so you must not be angry with me for buying him. Now I am going to give you a particular history of myself and how I occupy my time, though I must beg of you not to publish it as some of it may not be very flattering to me. By this, you see, I mean to be very candid. I began soon after you left me, though I have not always continued, to rise early in the morning, that is, I used often to be up and dressed by 6 or 7, and from that time till prayers, which we have pretty regularly at quarter to 8, I employed myself in reading or writing. At 8 or a little after we sit down to breakfast after reading a chapter and praying. The latter I have brought myself to do without book, and I can perform the duty sometimes with great satisfaction. . . . From breakfast till 4 o'clock the time passes as usual, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays. On the former day I visit the Garrison Hospital and on the latter I am generally finishing a sermon. From 4 o'clock till dark is commonly occupied with funerals, baptisms, or marriages, visiting D'Arcy's, or Henry's family, taking such exercise as is necessary for my health, and whatever leisure is left me from these and the like interruptions I spend for the most part in writing or reading. Of the former I have had a great deal to do since I entered upon my new office of acting Chaplain to the Forces, independent of sermons, and the office of Secretary to the Sunday-School Committee and to the Society for Promot-



ing Christian Knowledge have contributed their share of occupation in that way. . . .

York, 30th November, 1833.

MY DEAREST LOVE,—

. . . The first thing I have to mention is that this day terminates my engagement with the Archdeacon.\* The occupation on the whole has done me good, I hope it has been the means under God's blessing of my growing in grace and in the knowledge and Love of our Saviour. I feel assured that if I could obtain employment exclusively professional without a sacrifice of income, I should in every way be the better for it. . . . I have never yet, I believe, said anything to you about our new Church. It has given better satisfaction generally than was expected. On the 29th October was the first sale of pews, when the purchases amounted to nearly £6,000, and a week or ten days afterwards nearly £1,000 more in amount were disposed of, so that the church will be paid for without much difficulty. All the money due from pews must be paid within the year, and there is a ground rent of £1 10 on each. At the first sale I could not attend, nor indeed at the second, but at the latter D'Arcy bought me one of my own choice for £50, but it was too far from the pulpit and I could not hear well in it. Since that, however, I have been so lucky as to get one of the best pews in the church, in my opinion, which was bought for Henry, but which he did not want. For this I gave only £2 10 more. Of this I have to pay a quarter now and a quarter each at the end of 6, 9 and 12 months. Out of this about £15 will be deducted for the old pew, so that in fact it will only cost me £37. 10s. I shall have it lined. I think with dark blue or green, and hope you will like it. Many are lined with crimson and look well, but I think the color is too smart for a clergyman, although the Archdeacon seems to think differently. The Churchyard is now enclosed with a neat fence. The old church, which was sold for £62, pulled down, the old pulpit and reading desk and communion rails were reserved, and I managed to get them for the Scarborough church,

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\*Archdeacon Strachan, later the 1st Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto.

and in addition I purchased £9 worth of the old pews, and that will save them great expense. There are subscriptions to the Scarborough church amounting to upwards of £15 not paid, and I will pay it from them when I receive them. I mention this lest you should imagine that I am involving myself in expenses for others. Before I have done with the church I must tell you about Mr. ———, who, you know, has turned Catholic. On the first day of the sale of the pews, he came into the church and bought 8 or 10 pews *on speculation*, and at the second sale he attempted to do the same, but the Archdeacon told the auctioneer not to take his bid, and gave him a complete set-down for his impertinent interference. One which he purchased for £40 he modestly asked £80 the next day. He got severely handled for it, too, in the *Courier*, in fact, every one cried out shame at it. The roads are now in a dreadful state, as a good deal of snow fell lately, and it has thawed since. Mrs. Harris has been very ill for the last week with a violent sore throat and fever, which, coming on a constitution already weakened, was very near proving fatal, but she is now recovering fast. . . . Mary and Miss Brenchley are to be married on the 10th of December. The Archdeacon is to perform the ceremony, from Mr. Gamble's choice, it appears, though I had always understood that that matter was left to the lady. They are to live in a new house of Mr. John Baldwin's on the corner, opposite to Sir William Campbell's.\*\* . . . Mr. H. is gradually sinking under consumption, brought on by intemperance. . . . I have seen the design of a Catholic chapel\* which Mr. Elmsley talks of building upon his property near this. It's to cost £12,000. I think he must be a little cracked. . . .

*This day* I have made remarkable for several *important* events—Do not laugh! I have had my hair cut, my shaving-box filled with fresh soap, the first time since you left me, my new cravats put in requisition for *the first time*, and lastly, I have this day resigned my curacy. I must now, I think, wait till to-morrow to add to these important events by finishing this letter to my dear wife, so adieu for the present. . . .

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\*\*On Duke Street, at the head of Frederick Street.

\*St. Basil's, St. Joseph Street.

1st December.

This day is celebrated in the annals of history for the death of a great man and the birth of a *little one*, (himself) not in stature but in importance, but when both are in the grave this worldly distinction will, I fancy, be of little account. I leave you to discover who these two persons are, and proceed with my letter. I have not yet received your letter which I expected by the packet of the 16th about the end of this week. How I do long to hear your account of my dear little *twins* and still more to see them.

. . . . .  
I will send another fifty pound draft early in January, this will make altogether £150, which I think you will find sufficient for your expenses. I allow £100 for your passage to New York and travelling from thence to this place, and the other 50 with what you have left of Mr. Jones' 100 will be sufficient for other occasional expenses. You must be careful of it, I do not mean in the spending of it, for that you are sure to be, but in the keeping of it in a safe place. If you do not mind sailing on the 16th of April that would bring you to New York about the 16th of May, and Whitsuntide holidays commence on the 18th of May, which would allow of my meeting you probably at Utica or Schenectady.

Tell Dorothea with my love if she has not her heart engaged I shall be very glad to see her on this side of the Atlantic, and I can introduce her to some very smart beaux.

. . . . .  
I ought to give you some account of the wedding, which has taken place since last I wrote, that is, on the 10th, and was very smart, indeed. About a dozen carriages attended. The Archdeacon performed the service, as I told you. It was so intended, and as it took place at 4 o'clock I was just able to go to the church after college hours, in time to witness it. All looked as happy as need be, and at six o'clock, after a very handsome dinner, the brides and bridegrooms had their health drank until I should think they must have been sick of it. I must leave Helen Phillips or Mrs. D'Arcy to supply the remaining particulars of this happy event."



U. C. College, December 25, 1833.

MY DEAREST FANNY,—

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Miss Street is now engaged as a Governess in George's family. You will be concerned to hear how badly the Streets have been disappointed in their school, solely for want of a house, the man which was to have built a house for them having gone off and left them in the lurch, with a large frame standing for which they had paid a great deal without deriving any benefit from it. The family, I believe, intend removing to Cobourg in the Spring.

Charles Heward is still lingering on, and although there can be no doubt of the fatal termination of his complaint at last, yet it is wonderful how all his family cling to the idea that he will recover, and what makes it the more lamentable is that he himself is far from being in a prepared state for the event which must soon happen, and will put no confidence in anyone who tells him of his danger. I have been at the house several times, but could only see him twice, and then he evaded the main subject. The Archdeacon and Mr. Gwynne have also been with him, but I fear have not succeeded much better. Frank has just come up from Quebec, and he is a very serious young man. I hope he will be an instrument of great good to his brother.

I do not intend to commence my country duty till the second week of next month, when it is to be hoped the roads will be more passable than at present. So far as the weather is concerned it has been a dismal Christmas, about 6 inches of snow, which we had 10 days ago, is all gone, and it was raining to-day.

Mr. Elmsley has just resigned his seat in the Executive Council, because he pretends he cannot conscientiously support the measures of Government in the Council, but the fact is, he found his duties as an Executive Councilor interfere with his land speculations.

. . . . .  
Kiss my dear little children for me. I almost feel frightened at myself, to think how many there are of them.

. . . I did not tell you that I presented Mary upon

the occasion of her wedding with a pair of silver butter knives, with handles of the Prince's pattern. They had more the appearance of dessert knives, and were honored with being displayed in cutting up the cake the week after. I think I never saw anyone perform their part with more perfect composure than Mary. Everything came quite as a matter of course, and you might have supposed her, apart from her youthful appearance, a bride of 35, instead of 17. She is very sad to-day at the idea of Mr. Gamble\* going to Cobourg to-morrow, to be absent a week or ten days.

York, U. C. College, Jan. 24, 1834.

MY DEAREST FANNY,—

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York has been uncommonly gay this winter. Dinner parties or routs twice a week at the Government House, at two of which I have been within the last month. At their evening parties dancing is generally introduced, which the young people no doubt think a great improvement upon the old custom, although I am glad to find they are determined to keep reasonable hours; 7.30 is the commencement of their rout and they end at 11. It was ludicrous to see the contrast between this and Mrs. Gillespie's extra fashionable entertainment for this evening, at which, by the bye, I am glad I was not asked, as I am now much more agreeably employed than in elbowing my way through a crowd. Mrs. G.'s cards were for 9 o'clock, to end, I suppose, at daylight. A sudden gloom was cast over this gaiety by the death of Sir William Campbell, which occurred last Saturday morning. You know, perhaps, that he was a member of the Legislative Council, and it was a most singular circumstance that on the same day a member of the House of Assembly died, a Mr. Mount, whose son boards with Dr. Phillips, and they were both buried at the same time. Such a thing would probably not occur again in a century.

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\*Joseph Clarke Gamble, the 4th son of Dr. John Gamble and Isabella Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Joseph Clarke, U. E. L., was born at Kingston, 1809, and married, first, Mary Boulton; second, Harriet Boulton, first cousin to his first wife.

I have been enquiring lately about Mrs. Adams and her sister, Mrs. Hodgson. I find they have both left Mr. Dutcher's employment, finding it difficult to get their wages. Adams has taken a saw mill on Yonge St., on shares with another person in whom he has the greatest confidence. There he means to do the turning business, whilst his partner is to manage the mill, and he says there is every probability of his doing well. Hodgson has got into employment with Mr. Bicker, who has set up a steam mill a little below Mr. Charles Small's, and expects to do well.

. . . . .  
Col. Jarvis is always worrying me about your seeing his daughter, Mrs. Maule's family, who are now living in Plymouth and will not be satisfied when I tell him you will not be able to visit many of your own relations. Every one remarks how much the Colonel is improved since his accession to office, and he told me with great glee the other day that he had at last got his half pay after a great deal of asking. Mrs. Phillips is as kind as ever, in fact, she is quite my right hand man. She bakes my bread, gives me milk, and breaks my sugar. I find Sally Alderdice very dirty unless closely watched, but her being near is so convenient that I would put up with a great deal rather than change.

. . . . .  
You will be pleased to hear how handsomely the people of Cobourg have acted towards Mr. Al. Bethune\* in regard to the late reductions in his income. They not only resolved to make up the entire deficiency in his salary, but were withheld solely by motives of delicacy towards the Society and the Government from taking it entirely on themselves. This shows how they appreciate his services. In consequence of this reduction in the pay of the Clergy, the Bishop, (the Hon. Right Rev. Charles James Stewart, 2nd Bishop of Quebec), has sent round a circular to the different missions calling upon the people to contribute a portion of each clergyman's salary, which, considering they have to build churches, too, is a great deal to expect,

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\*Alexander Neil Bethune, 2nd Bishop of Toronto, 1867-89.



when there is, comparatively speaking, but little money in the country. I expect when your next letter arrives that you will tell me something about Tiverton School. I have taken a great fancy for going, if the vacancy occurs whilst you are in England, though, as I said to Charlotte, I think the prudence of the step would be very doubtful, if you left home before. . . . Mr. Dade means to give up housekeeping, he finds it too expensive. I asked him if he would not become our boarder, and let us have his house, but he said he likes to have it all to himself. You can't think how smart he has made his drawing-room. It is hung round with framed engravings, mostly of ships. Mr. Matthews, I think, is becoming selfish. I wish he would marry. I feel much flattered at being so particularly remembered by my old flame Miss Dick; if you see her again pray return the compliment, and say that I have by no means forgotten sundry pleasant walks in the neighborhood of Exeter. Pray give my best respects to Dr. Dicken and thanks for his kindness in giving the boys a holiday for me. If you don't think it is too much to ask, perhaps he would give them another just before you leave Tiverton. . . .

You made a grand mistake about my salary. When serving the Archdeacon, I used to receive it from the Commissariat office every two months, as Acting Chaplain to the troops, and the Archdeacon had nothing to do with it: in fact, my services to him never cost him a shilling, because the military pay, together with the Marriage fees, a little more than made up the sum he agreed to give me. If I remain here, I may perhaps stand a chance of getting the Chaplaincy to the Legislative Council, as Mr. W. Macaulay sometimes talks of giving it up. Frank Heward is just going to Montreal again. The person he is with speaks in the highest terms of him. To me he has always appeared the flower of the flock, and he appears to be growing a fine young man and advancing very steadily and respectably in his business. Charles is still living, and Dr. Gwynne who now attends him thinks he will recover. But I should think his constitution must be so much shattered that even if he recovers he will never be fit for anything again. William Heward is farming below the Don Bridge. I met Mr. Fraser a few days ago and he spoke of the Cottage Bible, and when I

told him of the two kinds he said he should be glad to have one of the large paper copies bound, if it did not cost more than £4, and it will not at the rate you mention. Hitherto the winter has been very open, with little or no snow about town, but yesterday and to-day it has snowed a good deal, though it is so light that I fear it will not add much to the sleighing. I have been but once into the country, having been prevented last Sunday from going out by the heavy rain. but I shall probably go to Scarborough next Sunday. I have in hand the first annual report of the Sunday School Commission, and being the first thing of the kind I ever concocted, I suspect it will be a queer production, but they must take it as a man takes his wife, for better for worse. I have to read it on Wednesday next, and shall be glad when it is over.

York, 9th February, 1834.

. . . The Newmarket Church, which has been so long talked of, is to be erected next summer without doubt, and as I promised them a Bible and prayer book for it, I should be glad if you could manage to purchase them before you come out, and do not forget to bring out half a dozen of the old English razors, they are 2/6 each.

York, 21st February, 1834.

MY DEAREST FANNY,—

. . . Mrs. Scadding, as you may suppose, is highly delighted with her son's success at Cambridge. I have given her a copy of all the prizes distributed at Christmas to send to him, but you may perhaps receive a letter of mine, in which I have given a full account of the examination, while Scadding is at Tiverton.

. . . I am much obliged to my Uncle George for his good wishes, but I should be satisfied with one moderate living in England, being no advocate for pluralities. I gave up the *Emigrant* some time since, and have been thinking of discontinuing the *Cobourg Star*, and the *Western Mercury*. The latter I certainly shall forthwith, but the *Star* has lately been greatly improved, and is reckoned one of the most respectable papers in the Upper Province. If I keep this, I shall then have only the number you allow me. . . . I am glad to hear

you give so good an account of all the children: you must be puzzled certainly when they both cry at once. . . .

Britannia and Octavia Phillips are looking forward to Somerville's return, with almost as much anxiety as I am, and what with his gentleman's hat and cloth pelisse he will be quite a beau for them. You cannot think how much Mrs. Delahaye's youngest girl Angelique has grown like her.

If you get flannel waistcoats for me, do let them be open entirely in front, and button or tie, because the jerseys are so awkward to take off and put on that I am tired of them. I do not know whether Mrs. Phillips is dissatisfied with Mrs. Street's management or not, but the girls are to return home in June, when the boys will also leave the College. I suspect that Mrs. S. has been so inconvenienced for want of a proper house for her school that she has not been able to do justice to her scholars. I hear she is wishing to leave the Falls, but I am not aware as to what her future plans are. You will be glad to hear that Mrs. Cockburn's school is flourishing.

As to my opinion about having twins, I assure you I am greatly pleased at the event. You know I always consider children a blessing, but like all other gifts of a bountiful Providence, they will prove such only when rightly used. The increase of a family, while it renders frugal and industrious habits more necessary on the part of the parents, supplies the most interesting of all motives to maintain such habits; it makes that which is at all times a duty, a real pleasure; it increases that flow of tenderness and affection which are intended by our merciful Creator to sweeten our toils and enhance all the social enjoyments of life. It checks our selfishness by presenting us with new objects to engage our interest and attention, and shows in a palpable manner the necessity of moderating our desires. If these results are produced, I say that the increase of a family, in so far as it tends to produce them, is a real and substantial blessing; but if it ministers only to an over-anxious and worldly frame of mind, and fails also to produce any of those valuable habits I have mentioned, then it is far otherwise, and although parents who are thus affected by it may reap much gratification, yet it cannot be of a permanent or substantial kind. Yes, my bonny little bairns, I long to



see you all around me, that the sight of you may prove the sincerity of what I have just said.

. . . I have now to give you a very sad piece of news. Mrs. Harris, whose constitution you know was so weak and delicate, was confined about a fortnight since with a son, after which she had the fever, which is now very prevalent on such occasions, which at length turned to scarlet, of which she died last Sunday night. Since her funeral Dr. Harris's eldest girl, who was before very ill with some complaint in the head, has been getting worse and worse until to-day at noon, when she died. So that now the poor Doctor has only his little infant left him. He is, as you may suppose, in as low spirits as he can be, and if he were a different sort of person I would have been the first to have gone in to him, and performed the part of a friend on such a sad occasion, but you will understanding my feelings. . . .

(From Mrs. William Boulton to her husband.)

Tiverton, 20 March, 1834.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM,—

. . . In my last letter I mentioned how uncertain it was when we should leave Tiverton, and I am now in as much doubt as ever. At the furthest we shall, I hope, sail the middle of May, and next week I will write again with an account of how we get on. . . .

The new Master for the school (Tiverton) is not to be chosen till the 29th of June, so I shall not be able to bring the news. . . . Mrs. Boulton has heard from Mrs. George, who appears much pleased with Miss Street, and speaks in high terms of D'Arcy. . . . The weather is now fine, but colder than it has before been this winter, notwithstanding which, the trees are budding fast and look well. . . .

Tiverton, 4th April, 1834.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM,—

When writing to you last week, the time for our leaving Tiverton was quite uncertain, as Charlotte had not then had the measles; now, however, the case is different, as the 4 children have passed them well. . . .

Yesterday I sent some of my boxes by the waggon, not

being able to take them all by the coach, and my possessions have so much increased since I came here that I shall have some difficulty in packing them, and now the time for my departure is so near, I shall be very thankful when I have left Tiverton, and you may be sure that it will give me real pleasure to see York again. I often think of your wish to board the 2 College batchelors, but I do not approve of doing so unless they pay handsomely, as we must keep one servant extra, and it would interfere with our comfort of course. My opinion is that if Mr. Dade were to sleep in his own house, and Mr. Matthews in ours, we might do very well; of course, we should supply the former with wood and candles, and our servant would make his bed, etc. The man might also attend to his horse. I would undertake any mending they might want, except what a tailor ought to do, and should not object to hemming handkerchiefs, etc.; this you see would give me some trouble; the back room might be at the command of Mr. Matthews when he wished to be alone, and, of course, our newspapers would be sufficient without their taking the same kind. I have been thinking you may be inclined to make some arrangement before my return, but do not allow them to consider it an accommodation to us. We would get their washing done, and find them beer and spirits, but, remember, that £80 a year each (*at least*) is not too much. Should they appear anxious to come you can read them this, if not, do oblige me by not saying a word on the subject; should we be alone, I mean to blend comfort with economy as much as possible, which you will allow is necessary.

Next Tuesday week is now fixed for our departure, and to-morrow the places are to be taken, when half the money must be paid. . . .

Boulton Grange, June 8th, 1834.

MY DEAR FANNY,—

As your young friend Darcy Edward (Col. D. E. Boulton, of Cobourg) is going to New York, we are desirous of your meeting him that he may be your company in the remainder of your journey. I hope he may make himself useful to you in every way he possibly can. In order that you may be aware of his intentions, my letter will be sent



to Mr. Buchanan with a request that he will be on the look-out for you, lest otherwise you might miss Darcy. He is to leave this for New York on the 15th, and should you arrive before him you had better await his arrival, of course, as it will be a troublesome journey for you to take with your dear children alone. If you did not leave England till the 24th, you probably received my letter of the 21st of April, mentioning the illness of your dear husband, but should you not have received that letter, I will again mention some of the circumstances of his illness. He was taken ill on the 26th of March with pleurisy, and suffered very much from the severity of the attack, which at one time he appeared to be recovering from, but did not continue to regain his strength as was expected, and has since remained in a very weak state, but without suffering actual pain; he has a bad cough, which occasions very restless nights. I shall write to you by Darcy, and tell you further of him. We have of late had a great deal of illness in our family. The poor Judge, after lingering in a miserable state for a week or 10 days, died on the 24th of May. Mr. Boulton is also ill, indeed, he has been very sick in consequence, we think, of anxiety of mind and fatigue, he was much distressed at the sufferings of his Father & Brother. Nothing has so much disturbed my mind for a very long time as poor dear William's illness, and really, my dear Sister, I very much fear you will never again see him in this world. We have all, I may say, suffered much for you in thought and for your dear children. They, however, are not to be considered in comparison with you. I grieve that your well-meant and delightful visit to your family should have such a termination, but you must now bend with submission to your fate, my poor dear sister, and believe, as your good Husband does, that God orders all things for the best, tho' to us it is not manifest. God bless and supply you in whatever trials may await you, is the wish and prayer of your affectionate sister, S. A. Boulton.

(He died and was buried before his wife reached New York. One of the twins died not long after.)







